Gob. His Maſter and he (ſaving your worſhips reverence) are ſcarce catercoſins.

Laun. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me as my father being I hope an old man ſhall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have heere a diſh of Doves that I would beſtow upon your worſhip, and my ſute is.

Laun. In very briefe, the ſuit is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you ſir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter ſir.

Baſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſute,
Shylocke thy Maſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it bee preferment
To leave a rich Iewes ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old proverb is very well parted between my Maſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, you have the grace of God ſir, and hee hath enough.

Baſ. Thou ſpeakſt it well; goe Father with thy Sonne,
Take leave of thy old Maſter, and enquire
My lodging out: give him a Livery
More garded then his fellowes: ſee it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a ſervice, no, I have nere a tong in my head: well, if any man in *Italy* have a fayrer table which doth offer to ſweare upon a booke, I ſhall have good fortune; go too, heere's a ſimple lyne of life, heeres a ſmall trifle of wives, alas, fifteene wives is nothing; a leven widdowes and nine maides is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed here are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune be a woman ſhe's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leave of the Iew in the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Baſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Returne in haſt, for I doe feaſt to night

My

My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee, goe.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein. *Exit Leon.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maſter? *Leonar.* Yonder ſir he walkes.

Grati. Signior *Baſſanio.* *Baſ.* *Gratiano.*

Gra. I have a ſuit to you. *Baſ.* You have obtaind it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt goe with you to *Belmont.*

Baſ. VVhy then you muſt, but heare me *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults:
But where thou art not known, why there they ſhow
Something too liberall; pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wild behaviour
I be miſconſtred in the place I goe to,
And loſe my hope. *Gra.* Signior *Baſſanio,* heare me,
If I doe not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and then,
VVeare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay Amen:
Vſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, never truſt me more.

Baſ. VVell, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we doe to night. *Baſ.* No, that were pitty,
I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſute of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſines.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenſo* and the reſt,
But we will viſit you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica and the Clowne.

Ieſ. I am ſorry thou wilt leave my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry Devill,

Didſt